

# LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

## AUTHOR ONCE A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR HERE

James Francis Dwyer Tells of a Struggle Against Starvation in New York.

FINALLY HE JUST QUIT

Bought a Typewriter and Began Making Money Writing the Adventures He'd Lived.

James Francis Dwyer, who asserts that his forthcoming romantic novel of the South Seas, "The White Waterfall," and all his romances of the South Seas are in fact more realistic than romantic, whenever he gets tired of writing of far away places or runs out of material, which he says he never will, can turn to certain of his New York experiences. When Mr. Dwyer was working fourteen hours a day collecting nickels on a Twenty-third street car he was on the hunt for food and a bare living, and that after he had been for many years the best known and best paid newspaper paragrapher in Australia. Mr. Dwyer has visited three-quarters of the globe, living the adventures that he has put into the stories that have won him fame and fortune, but none of them he counts quite so thrilling as those encountered right here in little old New York, where he found that a man can come comfortably close to starving to death.

At a luncheon the other day, having just received an acceptance of a two hundredth and some odd story, the author grew reminiscent.

"Why did you leave Australia?" he was asked.

He shook his head sadly.

"Why?" he repeated. "I wish I knew. People thought I was crazy. But I made up my mind to leave and I had to go. I had come and gone, and gone, through the years, I've always had that restlessness in my blood. I don't think there is an inch of ground in Australia which, by the way, is some two square miles bigger than the United States, you know which I didn't personally visit by the time I was a grown man. Whenever the call came to go I went. I went in different capacities, my capacity. I counted up the other day and found that I had served at exactly thirty-five occupations in my life. You'd think that that I could manage to get along somehow in New York—wouldn't you?—the city said to contain more opportunities than any other place in the world. But it was right here that I came nearer to finding my finish, here where only specialization and experience count and where you can't get a job as a porter without them, and a reference.

"When I decided to leave Sydney and packed up my wife and little girl I was prosperous, as I said. But London called. A few months of London was enough. I could tell you tales of my experiences in the journalistic fields there, how it was clearly demonstrated that it was not the place for me nor the place for it, but it is enough to say that finally, when I had lived up about all my money, I resolved to come to America. My wife and child I left, and I started out to get a job coming over as a steward. But they informed me that there was about a thousand on that waiting list, so I came in the steerage.

"Did you ever travel with some hundred of Polacks? No? At first I was put in with half a dozen Russian Jews, but after I kicked up quite a row I was transferred to bunk with as many Scotchmen. Those Scotchmen didn't take off their clothes during the whole trip and we were on an eleven day boat.

"Throughout the trip I wasn't treated kindly. I had on a decidedly suit, but I didn't have money in my pocket. I had only an order for twenty-five dollars, which I was bringing to show so as to get into the country; but I had to save it, as I had to send it back to Mrs. Dwyer as soon as I got to New York.

"I thought that once I got to New York all would be well. After a few days it changed my mind. I went the rounds of the newspapers. Their methods of turning down vary.

"Meanwhile I was earning a few cents a day addressing thousands of envelopes. I got tired of showing my temper to the boss, however, and just then Mrs. Dwyer wrote that she had pawned some valuables and was coming over with the youngster. I tried one of the newspapers again and they advised me to get a street car job. I asked how to get it, and then went up to Fifth street after it.

"Street car conducting is the only job an alien without a specialty can easily get in New York.

"The first week I received no pay, as I was learning the ropes. The next week I was allowed to buy a uniform, but came near losing my job because I hadn't had an opportunity to learn how to direct passengers. They finally took me on, however, at a meagre salary. Those months were frightful. The long hours wore me away and I hadn't much physical strength to begin with, with near starvation not helping matters along much. The reason they finally hired me in the first place was because I was so thin that I could easily work my way through a crowd of passengers. You know they were thin, and I was thinner still. After a few months I had reached such a desirable state that no street car company could have passed me by.

"I didn't have time to try looking for another job. I had rigged up a sort of desk in the room in which we all lived, my wife and little girl and I, and one day I despatched my wife home. I would just have to throw up my job if I was ever to get out of the rut. Then one night we ran over a man and killed him and I quit. I remembered the newspaper editor who had told me to go out and get a street car job, so as I had got a lot of a pretty good story on the inside offered it to him. He sent a reporter to see me.

"Well, I gave him the story and got \$33 for it. With the money I bought a typewriter and set up in the literary business, taking some leisure for it. Since that time I've sold 200 odd stories.

"Belief is the sublimest thing in the world," said the author. "That is one point that the South Seas story writers have over us. They believe believe everything have the real faith. We might at least believe as long as we can until faith is proved.

"Dwyer will be believing those wild South Seas stories of his before long, and one of his friends with a laugh. The author looked at him solemnly.

"Why, don't you believe them?" he asked.

## A STORY OF TWO DOGS THAT "TOOK" MADE HIM

Jack Hines's Magazine Yarn Is Now to Be Put Into Book Form.

"SEAGAR AND CIGARET"

Remarkable Tale of Devotion of Two Alaskan Beasts to Each Other.

When Jack Hines published "Seagar and Cigaret" in *Everybody's Magazine*, few people had ever heard of the author, but the story of the loyalty to each other of two wolf dogs on the Alaskan trail was quickly set among the big dog stories of the world, and has come into such demand that it is now ready for issue in book form. The author, meanwhile, stands in the place of an author unaware, most of all to himself. When Jack Hines participated in the rush for gold, in '98, it was with no intention whatever of turning any of his experience to literary account. He was there for adventure and for gold, and got plenty of both for the time being. It has been said that he was the original of the character in Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," who led in the sensational holding up of the bank which closed its doors immediately after taking in considerable gold from depositors, among them Hines. At any rate, Jack Hines lived an eventful enough life to have a fund of entertaining true stories to tell to his New York friends, after he had lost a big part of his quickly made millions and had returned to comparatively quiet civilization and to the routine of being a mining expert in an office.

It was the story of the devotion of Seagar and Cigaret, the wolf dogs, which always made the greatest impression, and the ex-miner was often asked to write it. He hesitated, not being a professional writer, and those who should know do say that Mr. Hines's first manuscript, when it first came under editorial observation, was an amazing thing in its mechanical makeup. It was written, evidently, with a particularly stubby pencil on bits of paper; it was far removed in appearance from professional "copy." But it evidently had a great deal in it that a great deal of professional copy does not have, for to-day Mr. Hines is still utilizing his spare moments from mining expertness and his spare bits of paper and his spare stubs of pencils in setting down those true Alaska stories which he had been so long telling.

"It is all true," he says of the story of Seagar and Cigaret; the book of which is being published by the Dorans and the proceeds to go to the Bide-a-Wee Home for friendless animals. "All true, barring nothing the adoption of Seagar, the battle with Dusty, the only dog in thousands of miles that could best him, their hatred thereafter, the love Cigaret had for the blind old hero, the bitter story of the blinding storm they braved, guided by that marvellous thing which God has given such as they.

"Back of Nome, beyond a stretch of bare tundra, there stands a little leaning slab. Its legend is barely decipherable even to-day. I think that they will be building another there soon. The world's written there are.

My mother who died when I was a year of age came to an honest and thrifty stock, who owned the hand looms, in some cases two and three, where they earned their living, in the southern part of the West. Hines, where some of her brothers and sisters and their descendants now live. My father's forebears were more of the you-man kind, on the other side, and they had farmed their own land in the same part of the country. He, also in later life drifted to the coal mines and became a colliery official, was the grandson of a Yorkshire squire, but the latter apparently went to Van Diemen's Land in that colony's early days and was never heard of again.

"I remember, in the case of the one who went away and was never heard of again—sprang the adventure, loving vagabond who, after thirteen years, doing a man's work in the desert, fled to the temples, who smuggled revolutionist literature into Russia, who investigated the habits of howling derelicts at the risk of his life, who lived a life the simple record of which contains more romance than a dozen novels.

"Throughout his life, the wandering wanderer, a 'journalist' carefully guarded from his mates' eyes, and this has turned itself in large part into his successful work of fiction.

**Browning's Vision and Memory.**

From the *London Chronicle*.

Browning had the faculty of vision and memory developed to abnormal degree. Grant Duff records a conversation with Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who "gave me a curious account of Browning's sight, maintaining that with one eye he could read the numbers on the picture at the end of a long gallery, while with the other [sic] without artificial assistance he could write an ode of Horace on a piece of paper the size of a threepenny bit."

Another diarist, Mrs. Andrew Cross, heard Browning in the course of a discussion on Byron quote the whole of the "Vision of Judgment," after remarking, "I have not seen the poem for forty years, but this is graven on my memory."

**De Quincey's Youngest Daughter.**

From the *Christian World*.

It will probably surprise many to learn that the youngest daughter of Thomas De Quincey is still alive and living at Kensington. She has been in comparatively feeble health for some time. In addition to reminiscences he has left to his biographers, Miss De Quincey, now in her seventy-ninth year, has many interesting recollections of the literary "lights" and university men of note who frequented her father's house in Edinburgh during her girlhood in the earlier years of the Victorian era.

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old geese is going to tell you that, and when he is in Council City he sees a man that oughter had better sense come in hauling two dogs on a sled. One was crippled, and the other was clean broke down, and he said, 'Well, I'll tell you something, a little more. Just look at that cloud of dust down yonder. Notice it's a dog running on three legs, cause the fourth one don't work fast enough. See, kid, she's a pretty little bitch, and the man that's chasing her is trying to get back the half of him she has lost. Else she gets away with it, and mostly she does, she will come and lay by B on the paws of this pore old blind thing here at my heels. That's Cigaret.'

**THE MAKING OF BOOKS.**

The publication of "Woman in Modern Society," by Earl Barnes, formerly professor of European history in the University of Indiana and later professor of education in Stanford University, has been postponed so as to permit the *Atlantic Monthly* to use three chapters in June, July and August respectively. The book, which will contain eleven chapters, will be published in August by B. W. Huebsch.

"Freelance," the first "best seller" written by Gene Stratton-Porter, has been dramatized and for the last two weeks has been on tour in New York State. After the play has been thoroughly tried out it will have a metropolitan production at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The D. A. R. have ordered two large shipments of the patriotic volume of sonnets written by Frank in commemoration of the conspicuous events and personages in American history. The unique volume, which is just off the press of Sherman, French & Co., bears the title "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets." It contains the entire history of the nation in sonnet sequence.

L. C. Page & Co. announce that the late Robert Nelson Stephens, upon his death left the manuscripts of several unpublished plays which he had intended turning into novels after dramatization, and that three of these manuscripts have been unearthed and novelized into stirring historical romances. Two of them, "Clementine, Highwayman," novelized by George Herbert Westcott, and "A Soldier of Valley Forge," novelized by Theodore Goodridge Roberts, have already been published, and the third, "The Sword of Bussy," has just been completed by a Boston newspaper man and will be published in the early summer.

Robert Nelson Stephens, who died six years ago at the age of 38, was a devoted student of English literature. He wrote one of E. H. Sothern's most famous plays, "An Enemy to the King," which ran through twenty-three large editions in its book form.

Lawrence Beesley, a Titanic survivor, who wrote the account of the disaster published by the Associated Press, has written a more carefully considered narrative, entitled "The Loss of the S. S. Titanic. Its Story and Its Lessons," which will be published only in book form and by Houghton, Mifflin Company, June 29. Mr. Beesley was graduated eight years ago from Cambridge University, England, taking first class honors in the natural sciences, and since then has been a lecturer and teacher.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication this week of "The Street Called Straight," a new novel by the author of "The Inner Shrine." They are also sending out for reprinting "The Heritage of the Desert," by Zane Grey.

It is announced that the right to publish the authorized editions of the works of Walt Whitman has been transferred to Mitchell Kennerly by the executors of the late poet Thomas B. Harrod and Horace Traubel. Mr. Kennerly announces new editions of "Leaves of Grass" and "Complete Prose Works." The publication of Horace Traubel's biography, "Walt Whitman in Camden," has also been undertaken by Mr. Kennerly, who will issue a third volume of the work in the fall.

"Mastering Flame" is the title of an anonymous novel that Mitchell Kennerly will publish next week. Though written by an American, whose identity has so far been concealed, "Mastering Flame" was first published two months ago in England, where it was received with praise.

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